NUMB. XXXIX.

The GUARDIAN.

——*Ægri Somnia.* Hor.

Saturday, April 25. 1713.

MY Correſpondent, who has acquired the Faculty of entering into other Mens Thoughts, having in purſuance to a former Letter ſent me an Account of certain uſeful Diſcoveries he has made by the help of that Invention, I ſhall communicate the ſame to the Publick in this Paper.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'ON the 11th Day of *October* in the Year 1712, 'having left my Body locked up ſafe in my 'Study, I repaired to the *Grecian* Coffee-houſe, 'where entering into the *Pineal Gland* of a certain 'eminent *Free-thinker*, I made directly to the higheſt 'part of it, which is the Seat of the Underſtanding, 'expecting to find there a comprehenſive Knowledge of all things Humane and Divine; but, to my 'no ſmall Aſtoniſhment, I found the Place narrower 'than ordinary, inſomuch that there was not any 'room for a Miracle, Propheſie, or *Separate Spirit*.

'This obliged me to deſcend a Story lower, into 'the Imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but 'Cold and Comfortleſs. I diſcovered *Prejudice* in 'the Figure of a Woman ſtanding in a Corner, 'with her Eyes cloſe ſhut, and her Fore-fingers 'ſtuck in her Ears; many Words in a confuſed Order, but ſpoken with great Emphaſis, iſſued from 'her Mouth. Theſe being condenſed by the Coldneſs of the Place formed a ſort of Miſt, thorough 'which methought I ſaw a great Caſtle, with a 'Fortification caſt round it, and a Tower adjoining to it, that through the Windows appeared to 'be filled with Racks and Halters. Beneath the 'Caſtle I cou'd diſcern vaſt Dungeons, and all about it lay ſcattered the Bones of Men. It ſeemed 'to be garriſoned by certain Men in Black, of Gigantic Size, and moſt terrific Forms. But as I drew 'near the Terror of the Appearance vaniſhed, and 'the Caſtle I found to be only a Church, whoſe 'Steeple with its Clock and Bell Ropes, was miſtaken for a Tower filled with Racks and Halters. 'The terrible Giants in black ſhrunk into a few innocent Clergymen. The Dungeons were turned 'into Vaults deſigned only for the habitation of the 'Dead, and the Fortification proved to be a Churchyard with ſome ſcattered Bones in it, and a plain 'Stone Wall round it.

'I had not been long here before my Curioſity 'was raiſed by a loud Noiſe that I heard in the 'Inferior Region. Deſcending thither I found a 'Mob of the Paſſions aſſembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary Proceedings ſoon convinced me, that they affected a Democracy. After 'much Noiſe and Wrangle, they at length all 'hearkened to *Vanity*, who propoſed the raiſing a 'great Army of Notions, which ſhe offered to lead 'againſt thoſe dreadful Phantomes in the Imagination that had occaſioned all this Uproar.

'Away poſted *Vanity*, and I after her, to the 'Store-houſe of Ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeleſs Notions confuſedly thrown togegether, but upon the Approach of *Vanity* they began to crawl. Here were to be ſeen, among other 'odd Things, Sleeping Deities, Corporeal Spirits, 'and Worlds formed by Chance, with an endleſs 'Variety of Heathen Notions, the moſt irregular 'and groteſque imaginable. And with theſe were 'jumbled ſeveral of Chriſtian Extraction; but ſuch 'was the Dreſs and Light they were put in, and 'their Features were ſo diſtorted, that they looked 'little better than Heathens. There was likewiſe 'aſſembled no ſmall number of Phantomes in ſtrange 'Habits, who proved to be Idolatrous Prieſts of 'different Nations. *Vanity* gave the Word, and 'ſtraightway the *Talopoins*, *Faquirs*, *Bramines* and '*Bouzes* drew up in a Body. The Right Wing 'conſiſted of Ancient Heathen Notions, and the 'Left of Chriſtians naturalized. All theſe together, 'for Numbers, compoſed a very formidable Army; 'but the Precipitation of *Vanity* was ſo great, and 'ſuch was their own inbred Averſion to the Tyranny of Rules and Diſcipline, that they ſeemed 'rather a confuſed Rabble than a regular Army. I 'could, nevertheleſs, obſerve that they all agreed 'in a Squinting Look, or Caſt of their Eyes toward 'a certain Perſon in a Maſque, who was placed in 'the Center, and whom by ſure Signs and Tokens 'I diſcovered to be *Atheiſm*.

'*Vanity* had no ſooner led her Forces into the 'Imagination, but ſhe reſolved upon ſtorming the 'Caſtle and giving no Quarter. They began the 'Aſſault with a loud Out-cry and great Confuſion. 'I, for my Part, made the beſt of my Way, and 're-entered my own Lodging. Some time after, 'inquiring at a Bookſeller's for *a Diſcourſe on Free-thinking*, which had made ſome Noiſe, I met with 'the Repreſentatives of all thoſe Notions drawn 'up in the ſame confuſed Order upon Paper. Sage '*Neſtor*, I am,

Your moſt Obedient, Humble Servant,

Ulyſſes Coſmopolita.

N. B. 'I went round the Table, but could not 'find a Wit or Mathematician among them.

I imagine the Account here given may be uſeful in directing to the proper Cure of a *Free-thinker*. In the firſt Place, it is plain his Underſtanding wants

to

to be opened and enlarged, and he ſhould be taught the way to order and methodize his Ideas; to which end the Study of the Mathematics may be uſeful. I am farther of Opinion, that as his Imagination is filled with Amuſements, ariſing from Prejudice and the obſcure or falſe Lights in which he ſees Things, it will be neceſſary to bring him into good Company, and now and then carry him to Church; by which Means he may in Time come to a right Senſe of Religion, and wear off the ill Impreſſions he has received. Laſtly, I adviſe whoever undertakes the Reformation of a modern *Free-thinker*, that above all things he be careful to ſubdue his Vanity; that being the principal Motive which prompts a little Genius to diſtinguiſh it ſelf by Singularities that are hurtful to Mankind.

Or if the Paſſion of Vanity, as it is for the moſt part very ſtrong in your *Free-thinkers*, cannot be ſubdued, let it be won over to the Intereſt of Religion, by giving them to underſtand that the greateſt Genii of the Age have a Reſpect for things Sacred; that their Rhapſodies find no Admirers, and that the Name *Free-thinker* has, like *Tyrant* of old, degenerated from its original Signification, and is now ſuppoſed to denote ſomething contrary to Wit and Reaſon. In fine, let them know that whatever Temptations a few Men of Parts might formerly have had, from the Novelty of the thing, to oppoſe the received Opinions of Chriſtians, yet that now the Humour is worn out, and Blaſphemy and Irreligion are Diſtinctions which have long ſince deſcended down to Lacqueys and Drawers.

But it muſt be my Buſineſs to prevent all Pretenders in this Kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this I communicated an Intelligence which I received, of a Gentleman's appearing very ſorry that he was not well during a late Fit of Sickneſs, contrary to his own Doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that Occaſion, except he was ſure of recovering. Upon this Advice to the World, the following Advertiſement got a Place in the *Poſt-Boy*.

'WHEREAS in the Paper called the *Guardian*, of *Saturday* the 11th of *April* Inſtant, a Corollary Reflection was made on Monſieur *D*——, a Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in *Paris*, Author of a Book lately Publiſhed, entitled,

"A Philological Eſſay, or Reflections on the "Death of *Free-thinkers*, with the Characters of "the moſt eminent Perſons of both Sexes, Ancient and Modern, that died pleaſantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by *J. Baker* in *Pater-noſter-Row*,

'ſuggeſting, as if that Gentleman, now in *London*, *was very much out of Humour, in a late Fit of Sickneſs, till he was in a fair way of Recovery.* 'This is to aſſure the Publick, that the ſaid Gentleman never expreſs'd the leaſt Concern at the Approach of Death, but expected the fatal Minute 'with a moſt Heroical and Philoſophical Reſignation; of which a Copy of Verſes he writ, in the 'ſerene Intervals of his Diſtemper, is an invincible 'Proof.

All that I contend for is, that this Gentleman was out of Humour when he was Sick; and the Advertiſer to confute me ſays, that *in the Serene Intervals of his Diſtemper*, that is, when he was not Sick, he writ Verſes. I ſhall not retract my Advertiſement till I ſee thoſe Verſes, and I'll chuſe what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his Nurſe, nor then neither, except ſhe is an Houſe-keeper. I muſt tie this Gentleman cloſe to the Argument, for if he had not actually his Fit upon him, there is nothing Courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpoſe, nor are they Heroick Verſes.

The Point of being Merry at the Hour of Death is a Matter that ought to be ſettled by Divines; but the Publiſher of the Philological Eſſay produces his chief Authorities from *Lucretius*, the Earl of *Rocheſter*, and Mr. *John Dryden*, who were Gentlemen that did not think themſelves obliged to prove all they ſaid, or elſe prov'd their Aſſertions, by ſaying or ſwearing they were all Fools that believed to the contrary. If it be abſolutely neceſſary that a Man ſhould be facetious at his Death, it would be very well if theſe Gentlemen, Monſieur *D*—— and Mr. *B*—— would repent betimes, and not truſt to a Death-Bed Ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto, they have only raiſed our Longing to ſee their poſthumous Works.

The Author of *Poetæ Ruſticantis literatum Otium* is but a meer Phraſeologiſt, the Philological Publiſher is but a Tranſlator, but I expected better Uſage from Mr. *Abel Roper* who is an Original.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

On Monday next will be Publiſh'd,

CATO, *a Tragedy. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, By Her Majeſty's Servants. Written by Mr. Addiſon. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.* N. B. *There are a ſmall Number Printed on a Fine Paper.*

This Day is Publiſhed, with large Additions, the Second Edition of

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LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*, where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.